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ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

MISS W H A T E L E Y.



L O N D O N :

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ORIGINAL FORMS

Joem

SEVERAL OCCASIONS



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[3]

TO THE

Hon. Lady WROTTESLEY,

At PERTON.

MADAM,

YOUR Indulgence in permitting me to address the following Sheets to You, is one of the Circumstances that makes my Scruples about this Publication the lighter. The following Poems (if they may be called such) were the Amusements of Youth, Leisure, and Solitude; written without any

A 2

Intention

Intention of being made public:—I do not mean this as an Insinuation that, had I intended them for the Public View, I could have made them more perfect; this would have been an unpardonable Affectation of false Modesty, and the highest Insult I could offer to the Public in general, and to your Ladyship in particular: And I had much rather be thought deficient in Genius and Abilities, than in respect to either. An Author on the Appearance of the first Publication, may be said to have no Fame to lose; but here I am in Circumstances quite different; and shall think myself extremely happy, if, instead of acquiring fresh Fame, I can retain the kind Opinion my Friends have entertained of me.

In

DEDICATION.

5

In regard to the Subjects of the following Effays, I do not flatter myself that there will be much of Novelty found in them. I never studiously ranged thro' the Regions of Imagination to seek for Paths unexplored by former Writers; but sat down content to employ my humble Abilities upon such Themes—as Friendship, Gratitude, and native Freedom of Fancy, presented to my Thoughts.

Perhaps I may be rallied, perhaps CENSURED, on account of the tender Pieces in this Collection. Mr. *Cowley's* Apology on this Subject, I think, may well serve for all his Successors: He professes to have wrote Love-verses, purely because Custom

had rendered it out of Character for a Gentleman to commence Poet without a Mistress, either real, or imaginary : And really there seems to be such a Connection between the Imagery of the softer Kinds of Poetry, and the tender Sensations of the Heart; that one scarce knows how to pay one's Devoirs to the Rural Muse, without pretending to do Homage to Cupid at the same time. If at any time these Fictions should be mistaken for Truth, it could have no painful Effect upon an Heart at Ease ; neither (I fancy) could it add to the Sensibility of one already filled with the tender Cares and Anxieties said to be the Attendants of Love.

If,

D E D I C A T I O N. 7

If, Madam, the ensuing Pages are happy enough to appear not wholly unworthy the Patronage of Your Name ; it will be one of the happiest Consequences the Author hopes for from this Publication : And if the Pieces addressed to particular Persons may transmit my Friendship, Gratitude, and Regard, beyond the Limits of my own Breast, and the Period of a Day ; all my Hopes are fully gratified. But I would not from hence be thought to be of so mortified, or so insolent a Disposition, as to hold the Censure or Approbation of the Public in Contempt ;—I shall think the Suffrage of the Judicious (if I can obtain it) an additional Happiness : and, I hope, I have so far subdued that Vanity generally attri-

buted to my Sex, as to be capable of hearing with Pleasure the Strictures of Genius and Judgment, and kiss the Rod of candid Criticism; and, at the same time, look down with a just Contempt on the invidious Reflections of Pride, Envy, or Prejudice.

I hope your Ladyship will find nothing in this little Collection to make you regret the Favour you have granted me of prefixing Your Name to it. My Pen was never prostituted to flatter a Friend or a Superior, or to revenge the Malevolence of an Enemy. These I thought Views below the Dignity of a Pen consecrated to Truth and Virtue; from which, I hope, I may say, without Vanity, mine has never deviated.

DEDICATION. 9

viated. This Conscioufnefs alone, Madam, induced me to hope for the Favour You have indulged me with; and I fhall think myself extremely happy if You accept the enfuing Pages, as a Testimony of the Gratitude and Refpect with which I have the Honour to be,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most dutiful, and

Very much obliged,

Humble Servant,

BEOLEY, DEC. 3, 1763.

M. WHATELEY.

DEDICATION

which this Collection has been made
induced me to name for the Town of
have no good reasons and I shall
in the same way as I have
the end of the year as a Token of
Gratitude and Love to the
the same to be

Wm. H. H. H.

and the

of the

of the

M. H. H.

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[II.]

To Miss W——.

Occasioned by reading some Pieces of her Poetry.

By the Rev. Mr. J. LANGHORNE,

THE Maids of MEMORY, by no Laws confin'd,
Alone delighted with the liberal Mind,

As Nature wills, their sacred Gifts impart,

And nobly scorn the Vassalage of Art.

Hence oft has *Beauty's* Head been bound with Bays,

And British *Sapphos* charm'd with Lesbian Lays,

Hence Attic Flowers in *Carter's* Pages shine,

And, *Whateley*, hence the Harmony of thine !

Go, tuneful Maid, with *Nature* take thy Way ;
Still may'st Thou o'er her smiling Vallies stray !

May *Fancy* lead Thee to Elysian Bowers,

And bid her Fairies spread thy Path with Flowers !

To Thee may *Love* his rosy Garlands bring,
 And *Hope* present Thee with eternal Spring—
 Hesperian Visions to thine Eyes unfold
 Long blooming Years, and Minutes wing'd with Gold!

Far be that Anguish from thy gentle Heart,
 Which *Genius* mourns, when *Envy* aims her Dart!
 The Sneer of Censure, and the Scorn of Pride,
 Or may'st Thou never know, or, known, deride.
 Smooth like thy Verse, and easy flow thy Days,
 Cheer'd with the Sunshine of *Pierian* Praise ;
 Till Nature claim that Being which she gave,
 And Glory gild thy Passage to the Grave.

T H E
P O W E R of D E S T I N Y.

SURE some malignant Star diffus'd its Ray,
 When first my Eyes beheld the Beams of Day :
 Whose baleful Influence made me dip in Ink,
 And write in Rhyme before I knew to think.
 Had Fate, propitious to my Wish, assign'd
 Me, wayward Girl, of Man's *superior* kind ;
 This strong Propensity had marr'd each Scheme,
 And Prudence yielded to a golden Dream.
 Perhaps I'd then been bred a learn'd Divine,
 With *Greek* and *Hebrew* in this Head of mine ;
 With musty Classics stuff'd, dry Grammar Rules,
 And all the specious Lumber of the Schools :
 Yet had an Itch for scribbling fill'd my Brain,
 This Care and Cost had been bestow'd in vain.

Or

Or had I, studious of the healing Art,
 Been taught with Care to act old *Galen's* Part,
 Perus'd *Hippocrates's* labour'd Page,
 And thumb'd with Rev'rence each time-honour'd Sage;
 Yet when from College Rules and Orders free,
 My Pen had once regain'd its Liberty;
 Thoughtless of Gain, and warm with fancy'd Fire,
 I certainly had quitted *Mead* and *Floyer*,
 For *Milton*, *Shakespear*, *Dryden*, *Pope*, and *Young*;
 And left *Sanctorius* for an idle Song:
Strother, *Boerhaave*, and *Celsus*, had giv'n way
 To a smart Satire or a Roundelay:
 For who bemus'd, and in a rhyming Strain,
 Cou'd mark the various Fibres of the Brain?
 Leave all the dear Ideas Fancy forms,
 To learn the strange Effect of *Snails* and *Worms*?
 Try with what Qualities each Drug is fraught,
 And praise the Virtues of some nauseous Draught?
 Had I been bred at *Gray's* or *Lincoln's* Inn,
 'Mid Law-suits, empty Quibbles, Doubts, and Din,

Attended

Attended duly at the wrangling Hall,
 And learnt to *baffle, bluster, bounce, and bawl*:
 Yet with Impatience in the long Vacation,
 I shou'd have left this profitable Station;
 Have quitted *Salkeld* and the Lawyer's Gown,
 And all the gay Amusements of the Town;
 Have fled in Raptures to the peaceful *Grange*,
 And left *Coke, Carthew, Nelson, Wood, and Strange,*
Hughes, Hale, and Hawkins, Bacon, King, and Cay,
 For *Swift, Hill, Congreve, Cowley, Garth, and Gay*:
 And in some Cot, retir'd from Crowd and Noise,
 Have fought serene Delights and rural Joys;
 Mus'd by a Fountain, slept beneath a Tree;
 And, 'stead of Draughts, compos'd—an Elegy.
 Inspir'd by *Silvia's* Eyes, or *Daphne's* Air,
 Or *Cynthia's* rosy Cheeks, and curling Hair;
 My most exalted Wish, and only Aim,
 Had been to eternize the fav'rite Dame:
 Her Charms in softest Numbers to express,
 And paint my Passion in the liveliest Dress.

In short, whatever my Employ had been,
 It soon had yielded to this darling *Sin* :
 And nought but *Russel's* Land, or *Gideon's* Purse,
 Had sav'd the Poet—from—the Poet's Curse.

LIBERTY, an ELEGY.

Inscrib'd to Miss LOGGIN.

Feign'd to be written from the happy Valley of Ambara.

TO you, *Eliza*, be these Lays consign'd,
 Who blest in *Freedom's* fair Dominions live;
 While I, alas! am pompously confin'd,
 Bereft of ev'ry Joy the World can give.

In vain for me the blushing Flow'rets bloom,
 And Spring eternal decks the fragrant Shade;
 In vain the dewy Myrtle breathes Perfume,
 And Sounds angelic echo thro' the Glade.

B

The

The Marble Palaces, and glitt'ring Spires,
 What are they? pageant Glare, and empty Show:
 Ah! how unequal to my fond Desires,
 Which tell me—Freedom makes an Heav'n below.

Pensive I range these ever verdant Groves,
 And sigh responsive to the murm'ring Stream;
 While woodland Warblers chant their happy Loves,
 Dear Liberty is wretched *Myra's* Theme.

The Velvet Lawns diversify'd with Flow'rs,
 In sweet Succession ev'ry Morn the same;
 Fresh Gales that breathe thro' Amaranthine Bow'rs,
 And ev'ry Charm, inventive *Art* can frame,

Here fondly vie to crown this favour'd Place:
 And here, to smoothe Captivity a Prey,
 Each Royal Child of *Abyssinian* Race
 Consumes the vacant inauspicious Day.

Tho'

Tho' festive Mirth awake the laughing Morn,

And guiltless Revels lead the dancing *Hours*;

Tho' purling Rills the fertile Meads adorn,

And the wild Rock its spicy Produce pours:

Yet what are these to fill a boundless Mind?

Tho' gay each Scene appear, 'tis still the same;

Variety — in vain I hope to find;

Variety, thou dear, but distant Name.

With Pleasure cloy'd, and sick of tasteless Ease,

No sweet Alternatives my Spirits cheer;

Joys oft repeated lose their Pow'r to please,

And Harmony grows Discord to my Ear.

Blest *Freedom*! how I long with thee to rove,

Where varying *Nature* all her Charms displays;

To range the Sun-burnt Hill, the rifted Grove,

And trace the Silver Current's winding Maze!

Free as the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
 Who distant Climes, and various Seasons see,
 Regions—tho' not, like soft *Ambara*, fair ;
 Yet blest with Change, and crown'd with Liberty.

Vain Wish! these Rocks, whose Summits pierce the Skies,
 With frowning Aspect, tell me—Hope is vain :
 'Till, freed by Death, the purer Spirit flies ;
 Here wretched *Myra's* destin'd to remain.

THE

First ODE of ANACREON, imitated.

WHEN the mighty *Fred'rick's* * Fame
 Inspires my Breast with martial Flame;
 Glowing with the gen'rous Fire,
 Lo! I seize the tuneful Lyre:
 Rapt I strike the sleeping String,
 And strive with stronger Voice to sing;
 But all insensible decline,
 And thus in trembling Notes repine;
 "What have I with War to do?
 "Love, my Lays belong to you."
 Th' immortal Deeds on *Zorndorf's* Plain,
 Claim the high Pindaric Strain;
 The glorious Sounds my Heart alarm;
 My Breast, with ardent Rapture warm,

* King of *Prussia*.

Attempts the Theme ; but, oh! with Shame
 I own the *Prussian's* dreadful Name,
Dobna, Seidlitz, Zorndorf, yield
 To *Venus*, and her *Paphian Field* :
 Love and *Damon* end the Strain,
 And echo o'er the vocal Plain.

Glory, Heroes, Arms, farewell!
 Love's more potent Deeds I tell.
 Gracious *Venus*, thee I woo ;
 Let me not unheeded sue :
 Guide my Hand, be *thou* my Muse,
 Thy persuasive Charms diffuse ;
 And my *Damon's* Heart sha'll feel,
 Love and *Verse* can conquer Steel.

ELEGY on a much lamented Friend,

Who died in Autumn, 1759.

YET the dull Death-bell smites my trembling Ear ;

Yet *Fancy* sickens o'er *Fidelia's* Bier ;

Ye weeping Muses, wake the mournful Lyre !

Ye laughing *Loves*, and jocund *Sports*, retire !

Fantastic *Mirth*, and all the smiling Train

Of fair *Festivity*, forsake the Plain !

While gloomy *Grief*, and ev'ry chearless Pow'r,

Throw darker Horrors o'er this Midnight Hour,

Vot'ries of Woe, your painful Dirges sing !

No more the Muse attunes the sprightly String.

All, all the Scenes of Joy and Beauty fly,

Clouds dim the Sun, and Tears bedew the Sky :

Fidelia's Loss see *Nature's* self bewail !

Weep in the Stream, and languish in the Gale !

No more the vocal Natives of the Grove
 Chear the dark Shades, or chant their Songs of Love,
 No more the Shepherds pipe, the Virgins sing ;
 No more the Vales with various Echoes ring :
 But pale, and sad, each rural Nymph appears,
 With Locks neglected, Eyes be-dim'd with Tears,
 “ *Fidelia's* dead !” they cry, and all around —
 “ *Fidelia* dead !” the cavern'd Rocks rebound.

Accept, dear Shade, this fondly streaming Tear,
 That Friendship sheds on thy untimely Bier.
 Ah! what did thy superior Worth avail ?
 Still, still oppos'd by *Fortune's* adverse Gale ;
 Thro' Life aspers'd by *Envy's* black'ning Breath,
 Pursu'd by *Malice* to the Gates of Death ;
 There, only there the painful Scene was o'er,
 All Wrongs forgot, and *Anguish* wept no more.
 There cold, and peaceful, dear *Fidelia* sleeps ;
 No more with palid *Care* long Vigils keeps ;
 And there shall sleep, in equal Night inurn'd,
 The *Friend* that lov'd her, and the *Fool* that scorn'd.

There, wrapt in Shade impervious, *Newton* lies ;
 There lifeless *Lely's* Hand, and *Myra's* Eyes ;
 There *Thomson's* Harp forgets the moral Song,
 Deaf *Handel's* Ear, and silent *Milton's* Tongue.
 There ev'n this Heart, which melts to strains of Woe,
 Shall cease to grieve, these streaming Eyes to flow :
 This weary Clay, to *Death's* cold Arms consign'd,
 Shall give to kindred Skies th' immortal Mind.

O D E.

HOW various is the Female Mind!
As with the softest Breeze of Wind

The trembling Officers move ;
So, as capricious *Fancy* reigns,
We sigh in Health, we smile at Pains,
Admire, despise, and love.

Fair *Sylvia*, blooming, young, and gay,
Enrich'd with a celestial Ray
From Virtue's sacred Shrine ;
To-day esteems a happy Youth,
In whom soft Love, and spotless Truth,
With ev'ry Grace combine :

To-morrow the fantaſtic Fair
 Affumes an haughty diſtant Air,
 And flies the fighting Swain :
 But why ? his wealthy Pinnacle loſt
 On flow'ry *Barca's* faithleſs Coaſt
 Produc'd this cold Diſdain.

And, ſee, *Sempronius*, void of Charms,
 With powerful Gold her Boſom warms ;
 To him ſhe plights her Vows :
 By Pride ſeduc'd, ſhe flaunts for Life
 The glitt'ring miſerable Wife
 Of an abandon'd Spouſe.

This Hour *Dorinda*, learn'd and wiſe,
 Can ev'ry Female Toy deſpiſe,
 And liſts her Thoughts on high :
 Thro' fairy Fields with *Spencer* ſtrays,
 Or rapt with *Milton's* lofty Lays,
 Her Spirit mounts the Sky.

When

When sudden, lo ! the Nymph appears
All chang'd ; her Eyes o'erflow with tears —

Whence can this Grief arise ?

Does *Cynthio* praise some younger Face ?

No,—*Delia's Necklace, Delia's Lace,*

Call'd forth these heart-felt Sighs.

But why do I my Sex accuse ?

Tho' now I court the sprightly Muse,

Estrang'd to ev'ry Care ;

Perhaps, ere Night has drawn her Veil,

I—all th' ideal Woes may feel—

Of Love and dark Despair.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

To a FRIEND.

EVANDER's Voice invites my artless Lay ;

And *Friendship*'s Call transported I obey :

Friendship ! I seize the Lyre at thy Command,

And strike the sleeping Strings with trembling Hand.

Oh ! for some Portion of poetic Fire !

Some happier Strain that *Nature* wou'd inspire !

Here, where she shines in all her Virgin Charms,

And fair *Retirement* wooes me to her Arms.

Hail musing Nymph ! in russet Vest array'd,

Oh ! wrap thy Vot'ry in thy brownest Shade ;

Far, far from all the noisy Seats of Pride,

In Groves conceal her, or in Vallies hide.

Now bounteous Autumn glads the yellow Plains,

And bright-ey'd *Ceres* crown'd with Plenty reigns ;

With blushing Fruit the bending Branches shine,

And rip'ning Clusters load the gen'rous Vine.

Here, white with bleating Flocks the Uplands rise,
 There, Hills whose azure Summits pierce the Skies;
 And clad in all the rip'ning Harvest's Pride,
 The Dale slopes gently down the Mountain's Side.
 No more let Poets sing of *Tempe's* Fields,
 Nor paint the Treasure that *Pactolus* yields;
 Their Fame in vain to *Albion's* Sons is told;
 Here Silver Currents roll thro' Vales of Gold.
 Oft 'mid the tufted Trees, the rural Cell,
 Where *Health*, and sweet *Content* with *Virtue* dwell,
 Displays its straw-crown'd Roof, and smiles secure
 From all those Cares the guilty Great endure.

Hail! fair Abodes of *Freedom*, *Joy*, and *Peace*!
 Where Treasure flows, * and useful Arts increase;
 No direful Arms these calm Retreats annoy,
 No barb'rous Bands the fruitful Plains destroy:
 Remote from Danger, here the happy Swain
 Tills the rich Soil, and reaps the bearded Grain:
 Blest in these mid-land Seats secure he toils,
 No Coasters ravage, and no Tempest spoils.

Here

* The famous Town of *Birmingham*, near which the Scene of this Poem is laid.

Here *Borsd'ley-Hall*, sweet Mansion of Delight,
 In fair Proportion rises to my Sight :
 Charm'd with the verdant Walks, and silent Shades,
 I range the twilight Woods, and op'ning Glades.
 Ye crystal Lakes, where curling Breezes play,
 O let me on your flow'ry Margin stray !
 Where the tall Fir erects its spiry head,
 And their green Arms the princely Cedars spread :
 Or let me to the dusky Grot retire,
 And wake to Sylvan Strains th' amusive Lyre ;
 While down the rock the murm'ring Waters flow,
 And gentlest Gales thro' fragrant Woodbines blow.

Happy the Man ! who from the noisy Town
 Retiring, finds this sweet Recess his own :
 Who, free from each low Wish, and idle Fear,
 Enjoys soft Ease, and learned Leisure here ;
 Of all that *Luxury* cou'd crave, possessest ;
 What Troubles can alarm ? what Cares molest ?

Can Gold then make Man happy ? vain Surmise !
 As soon may Titles make an Idiot wise.

If

If Heav'n-born *Virtue* reign not in the Breast,
 The Rich, the Gay, the Great, can ne'er be blest.
 When the swoln Heart with mad Ambition glows,
 And Hell-bred *Avarice* chafes calm Repose ;
 When black *Oppression* with her hateful Train,
Fraud, dark *Distrust*, and pining *Envy* reign ;
 What Joy, alas ! can Wealth or Titles bring ?
 Say, can they blunt *Reflection's* deadly Sting ?
 Can Painting's vivid Glow, or Music's Strains,
 Soothe the bad Heart, or soften guilty Pains ?
 If these, O *Grandeur*, thine Attendants are,
 Let me prefer this unambitious Pray'r.

" Give me, indulgent Heav'n, some lonely Cot,
 " Where I may live unenvy'd and forgot ;
 " Range the sequester'd Shade with Mind serene,
 " Explore the Beauties of the Sylvan Scene ;
 " Tread *Virtue's* Paths, and to her Temple rise,
 " And dare to emulate the Good and Wise.
 " Let *Friendship's* gen'rous Warmth expand my Breast,
 " And sweet *Contentment* be my constant Guest ;

" Le

" Let social Converse crown the Day's Decline,
 " And *Folly's* Slaves divide their Haunts from mine.
 " When grey ey'd *Dawn* peeps o'er the mountain's Head,
 " And ling'ring *Night* on dusky Wing is fled ;
 " Give me to trace the dew-bespangled Grove,
 " Where rosy *Health*, and blooming *Pleasure* rove :
 " There let me oft explore the sacred Cell,
 " Where *Truth*, and Heav'n-born *Contemplation* dwell;
 " And, while dear *Freedom* her loose Banner waves,
 " Contemn the Pomp of Courts, and pity Slaves."

E L E G Y on leaving _____,

FAREWEL ! ye friendly Bow'rs, ye Streams, adieu !
 I leave with Sorrow each sequester'd Seat ;
 The Lawns, where oft I swept the Morning Dew,
 The Groves, from Noontide Rays a kind Retreat.

Yon wood-crown'd Hill, whose far-projecting Shade
 Inverted trembles in the limpid Lake ;
 Where wrapt in Thought I pensively have stray'd,
 For Crowds and Noise, reluctant, I forsake.

The solemn Pines, that, winding thro' the Vale,
 In graceful Rows attract the wand'ring Eye ;
 Where the soft Ring-dove pours her soothing Tale,
 No more must veil me from the fervid Sky.

Beneath

Beneath yon aged Oak's protecting Arms,
 Oft-times beside the pebbled Brook I lay ;
 Where, pleas'd with simple *Nature's* various Charms,
 I pass'd in grateful Solitude the Day.

Rapt with the Melody of *Cynthia's* Strains,
 There first my Bosom felt poetic Flame ;
 Mute was the bleating Language of the Plains,
 And with *his* Lays the wanton Fawns grew tame.

But, ah ! those pleasing Hours are ever flown ;
 Ye Scenes of Transport from my Thoughts retire !
 Those rural Joys no more the Day shall crown,
 No more my Hand shall wake the warbling Lyre,

But come, sweet *Hope*, from thy divine Retreat
 Come to my Breast, and chase my Cares away ;
 Bring calm *Content* to gild my gloomy Seat,
 And cheer my Bosom with her heav'nly Ray,

O D E to M A Y.

FAIREST Daughter of the Year,
 Ever blooming lovely *May*;

While thy vivid Skies appear,
Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flow'ry-painted Mead,
 Pasture fair, and Mountain green;
 Thine, with Infant-harvest spread,
 Laughing lies the Lowland Scene.

Friend of thine, the Shepherd plays
 Blithsome near the yellow Broom,
 While his Flock, that careless strays,
 Seeks the wild Thyme's sweet Perfume.

May,

May, with Thee I mean to rove
 O'er these Lawns and Vallies fair,
 Tune my gentle Lyre to Love,
 Cherish Hope, and soften Care.

Round me shall the Village Swains,
 Shall the rosy Nymphs, appear ;
 While I sing in rural Strains,
May, to Shepherds ever dear.

I had never Skill to raise
 Peans from the vocal Strings,
 To the God-like Hero's Praise,
 To the Pageant Pomp of Kings.

Stranger to the hostile Plains,
 Where the brazen Trumpets sound ;
 Life's purple Stream the Verdure stains,
 And Heaps promiscuous press the Ground :

Where the murd'rous Cannon's Breath

Fate denounces from afar,

And the loud Report of Death

Stuns the cruel Ear of *War*.

Stranger to the Park and Play,

Birth-night Balls, and courtly Trains ;

Thee I woo, my gentle *May*,

Tune for Thee my native Strains.

Blooming Groves, and wand'ring Rills,

Soothe thy vacant Poet's Dreams,

Vocal Woods, and Wilds, and Hills,

All her unexalted Themes.

IMITATION of the Third ELEGY

OF THE

Third BOOK of TIBULLUS.

WHY did my Vows to Heav'n directed rise?
 Why fragrant Incense mount the distant Skies?
 Not that the sculptur'd Dome, and lofty Tow'r,
 Might bear my Name, and Realms confess my Pow'r;
 Not that my Flocks might graze the spacious Plains,
 And golden Harvests glad my numerous Swains;
 Not that my Poles with blushing Fruit might shine,
 And the rich Vintage swell with Floods of Wine; —
 But with my Love I fought to spend my Days
 In calm Content, and un aspiring Ease;
 To grace my Lays with dear *Philander's* Name,
 And gratefully return his generous Flame;

And, when this tranſient Scene of Life was o'er,
With his dear Shade to paſs the *Stygian* Shore.

Can *Indid's* Treasure heal the Mind oppreſt,—
Or fruitful *Padua* ſoothe the Lover's Breſt?
The gorgeous Palace, deck'd with Pomp and Art,
Exclude pale *Care* from the Poſſeſſor's Heart?
Not Woods more beauteous than th' *Ammonian* Groves,
Not *Parian* Pavements, nor high-wrought Alcoves;
Not all the Gems *Golconda's* Mountains hide,
Not all the glaring Pageantry of Pride,—
Can ſhield the ſplendid Owner's Breſt from Woe,
Since *Chance* capricious waits on all below:
Such Trifles in weak Minds may Envy move,
But what is Honour, Wealth, or Fame, to Love?
Thy Wealth, gay World, thy Honours, I reſign;
Poor let me be; but be *Philander* mine.

Shine forth, bright Morn! propitious *Phæbus*, riſe!
Reſtore *Philander* to my longing Eyes!
For if, in vain, I court the friendly Gales
To clear the Skies, and ſwell his ſpreading Sails;

Not all the various Wealth the Waters hold,
 The flaming Ruby, the resplendent Gold,
 Nor yet to reign the *Persian* Queen confest,
 Could ease the Anguish of my tortur'd Breast :
 These let Ambition share, be Peace my Lot ;
Philander mine, and all beside forgot.
 Ye tuneful *Nine*, my tender Breast inspire
 With *Sapphic* Art to wake the plausive Lyre ;
 O hear thy suppliant Handmaid, Queen of Charms,
 And bring my Lover to my longing Arms !

But if the cruel *Fates* relentless prove,
 And on the distant Shore detain my Love ;
 Ah ! cease, ye *Sighs*, to tear my anxious Breast !
 Come, *Death* convey me to the Realms of Rest !

A

PASTORAL SONG.

C O M E, dear *Pastora*, come away!

And hail the chearful Spring ;

Now fragrant Blossoms crown the *May*,

And Woods with Love-notes ring :

Now *Phæbus* to the West descends,

And sheds a fainter Ray ;

And as our Rural Labour ends,

We bless the closing Day.

In yonder artless Maple Bow'r,

With blooming Woodbines twin'd ;

Let us enjoy the Ev'ning Hour,

On Earth's soft Lap reclin'd :

Or where yon Poplar's verdant Boughs
 The Crystal Current shade ;
 O deign, fair Nymph, to hear the Vows
 My faithful Heart has made.

Within this Breast no soft Deceit,
 No artful Flatt'ry bides ;
 But Truth, scarce known among the Great,
 O'er ev'ry Thought presides :
 On Pride's false Glare I look with Scorn,
 And all its glitt'ring Train ;
 Be mine the Pleasures which adorn
 This ever-peaceful Plain.

Come then, my Fair, and with thy Love
 Each rising Care subdue ;
 Thy Presence can each Grief remove,
 And ev'ry Joy renew :

The Lily fades, the Rose grows faint,
 Their transient Bloom is vain ;
 But lasting Truth and Virtue paint
Pastora of the Plain.

O D E.

WHEN o'er the flow'ry Lawns, and wood-crown'd Hills,
 The dusky Veil of *Eve* was spread ;
 When whisp'ring Winds, and softly-murm'ring Rills,
 Drew peaceful *Slumbers* round the Shepherd's Bed ;
Delia, long depriv'd of Rest,
 From her downy Couch arose,
 Amid the Glare of Pride unblest
 With balmy Peace, or sweet Repose.

Along the dewy Vale, forlorn, she stray'd,
 Regardless of the solemn Scene ;
 What Time the Screech-owl haunts the dreary Shade,
 And lengthen'd Shadows tremble o'er the Green :
 When, beneath an Hazel Bow'r,
 Oft her Seat in happier Days,
 All sad she hail'd the Midnight Hour,
 Thus pouring forth her plaintive Lays :

“ Ye

" Ye glitt'ring Stars, and thou, fair Queen of Night,
 " Whose gentle Radiance gilds the smiling Plains;
 " Your Gloom's more welcome than Meridian Light,
 " Since faithless *Strephon Delia's* Love disdains,
 " How oft beneath this friendly Shade the Youth,
 " With Pray'rs and Sighs has told his tender Tale,
 " Vow'd ardent Love and ever-during Truth,
 " And with my Praises harmoniz'd the Dale!
 " The tow'ring Beech, on yonder Purple Heath,
 " Bears on its Bark this memorable Line;
 " *If e'er I prove untrue, let instant Death*
 " *Succeed thy Image in this Heart of mine.*
 " Witness, ye Nymphs, that haunt this mazy Grove,
 " Witness, ye Naiads, oft ye heard his Vows;
 " Ye Echoes, oft ye caught the Sound of Love,
 " And Zephyr breath'd it thro' the trembling Boughs,
 " Dear

"Dear cruel Youth! ah! ever shall I rue

"His broken Vows and violat ed Truth;

"No Time can *Delia's* potent Grief subdue,

"Or blot him from my Mind, dear cruel Youth!

"Ye happy Maids, when my untimely Fate

"In mournful Notes resounds o'er all the Plain;

"Warn'd by my Woes beware the Flatt'rer's Bait,

"And shun, oh! shun the lovely perjur'd Swain.

"Fair was the Youth as Buds on *Barca's* Coast,

"False as the Waves that beat its rocky Shore;

"In the dark Eddies of Despair I'm lost,

"And sink o'erwhelm'd with Grief, to rise no more."

HYMN to SOLITUDE.

NOW genial *Spring* o'er Lawn and Grove
 Extends her vivid Power,
 Now *Phæbus* shines with mildest Beams,
 And wakes each sleeping Flower.

Soft Breezes fan the smiling Mead,
 Kind Dews refresh the Plain;
 While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
 Renew their chearful Reign.

Now far from Business let me fly,
 Far from the crouded Seat
 Of Envy, Pageantry, and Pow'r,
 To some obscure Retreat :

Where *Plenty* sheds with lib'ral Hand
 Her various Blessings round ;
 Where laughing *Joy* delighted roves,
 And roseate *Health* is found.

Give me to climb the Mountain's Brow,
 When Morn's first Blushes rise ;
 And view the fair extensive Scene
 With Contemplation's Eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland Choir
 Pour forth their love-taught Lays ;
 I'll tune the grateful *Matin* Song
 To my Creator's Praise.

He bade the Solar Orb advance
 To chear the gloomy Sky ;
 And at the gentle Voice of *Spring*
 Made hoary *Winter* fly.

D

He

He dress'd the Groves in smiling Green,
 Unlock'd the Ice-bound Rill;
 Bade *Flora's* Pride adorn the Vale,
 And Herbage crown the Hill.

To that all-gracious Source of Light,
 Let early Incense rise,
 While on *Devotion's* Wing the Soul
 Ascends her native Skies.

And when the rapid Car of Day
 Illumes the farthest West,
 When Sleep dissolves the Captive's Chains,
 And Anguish sinks to rest;

Then let me range the shadowy Lawns,
 When Vesper's Silver Light
 Plays on the trembling Streams, and gilds
 The fable Veil of Night.

When ev'ry earthly Care's at rest,
 And musing *Silence* reigns ;
 Then active *Fancy* takes her Flight
 Wide o'er th' etherial Plains :

Soars thro' the trackless Realms of Space,
 Sees endless Systems roll ;
 Whilst all harmoniously combine
 To form one beauteous Whole.

All hail ! sweet *Solitude* ! to Thee
 In thy sequester'd Bow'r
 Let me invoke the Past'ral Muse,
 And ev'ry Sylvan Pow'r.

Dear pensive Nymph, the tender Thought,
 And deep Research is thine ;
 'Tis thine to heal the tortur'd Breast,
 And form the great Design.

On thy still Bosom let me rest,
Far from the Clang of War;
Where stern *Oppression's* bloody Chains
Precede the Victor's Car:

Here fold me in thy sacred Arms,
Where *Albion's* happy Plains
Exulting tell the Nations round,
A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising Sun,
Here view each Day's Decline;
Be *Fame* and *Sway* my Sov'reign's Lot,
Be *Peace* and *Freedom* mine.

Occasioned by reading some Sceptical Essays.

TELL me, ye learned Reasoners, tell the Cause,
 Why thus you seek to invert th' Eternal's Laws?
 Say, why this unavailing Wit display'd,
 Where Reason's dark, and Science sinks in Shade?
 Can nought exist, *Pyrrhonius*, but thy Mind
 Th' Extent, the Nature, and the Cause must find?
 Thou own'st one Pow'r supreme, whose plastic Call
 Summon'd those Stars, and this terraqueous Ball
 In beauteous Order to advance; whose Care
 Surrounds this Globe with Light, and Heat, and Air;
 And can thy boasted Reason comprehend
 A Power without Beginning, Bound, or End?
 Supreme, immense, omniscient, who presides
 O'er boundless Space, and boundless Systems guides?
 Can thy weak Mind unfold Creation's Laws?
 Of Self-existence can it trace the Cause?

Say, on the Wings of Learning canst thou soar,
 And all the Wonders of the Heav'ns explore?
 See Worlds immense strew'd o'er th' etherial Plain,
 And starry Suns, whose Warmth those Worlds sustain?
 Their Planets destin'd Circles canst thou trace?
 Pursue wild Comets thro' the trackless Space?
 Describe their Order, Number, Pow'r and Size;
 Or say from whence their flaming Glories rise?

Is this too high? then say, what Parts compose
 The blushing Texture of the vernal Rose?
 How does the bladed Stem, and Tendril, shoot?
 How sleeps the Blossom in the latent Root?
 Why does the Pink a spicy Fragrance boast,
 In which the Jasmine's fainter Sweets are lost?
 Why does the Lily scent the Ev'ning Gale?
 Why Morn the Woodbine's od'rous Soul exhale?
 Why is the Purple Dam'scene gloss'd with Blue?
 Why does the Cherry wear a sanguine Hue?
 That these exist, can there a Doubt remain?
 Then let thy reasoning Pride each Cause explain.

Say, why in Plants reside such adverse Pow'rs?

Such various Dyes, and Qualities, in Flow'rs?

Till Nature's secret Paths thou hast explor'd,

Say, canst thou hope to comprehend its Lord?

Henceforth, fond Man, thy impious Search restrain;

Can finite Beings infinite explain?

With vain Enquiries rack thy Thoughts no more;

Believe, admire, love, tremble, and adore.

ELEGY written in a GARDEN,

WHAT mingled Beauties here conspire to please!
 What varied Prospects chear the wand'ring Eye!
 In these sweet Shades let me recline at Ease,
 While balmy Zephyrs fan the sultry Sky.

Shield me, kind Dryads, in this safe Retreat,
 Where Osiers mark the cool Wave's lucid Way:
 Where friendly Gales allay the raging Heat,
 And breathing Waters mitigate the Day,

Here polish'd *Art* assumes fair *Nature's* Face;
 Round the smooth Beech the Wood-bines breathe
 Perfumes;
 Here tufted Pinks the mossy Margin grace,
 And the sweet Rose in sov'reign Beauty blooms.

Elate

Elate with Spring, and drefs'd in all her Dyes,

See hov'ring round—yon Insect idly gay;

A Moment on its balmy Breast she lies,

Then light thro' liquid Æther wings her Way.

Thou beauteous Trifler, can so fine a Form

Sustain bleak *Boreas*, and benumbing Frost?

Or when black Skies discharge th' impetuous Storm,

Must all thy transient Elegance be lost?

Go where the gay *Belinda* reigns confest,

Despotic Sov'reign of the youthful Train:

While her bright Eyes explore thy varied Vest,

Thy little Life shall moralize my Strain.

While to her Sight thy gaudy Wings are spread,

If the light Show'r, or gentlest Dews descend,

Thy momentary Age of Mirth is fled;

And the gay Dreams of golden Summers end.

In thee, perchance, the thoughtless Nymph may view
 The changeful Emblem of her blooming Face;
 As soon Disease may that fair Form subdue,
 And each external Excellence debase.

Then wou'd th' admiring Crowd no longer bend;
 No more sweet Adulation soothe her Ear;
 No more th' assiduous Youths her Steps attend,
 No more her Smiles on ev'ry Face appear.

Happy for me, that Beauty's potent Queen
 No lavish Graces gave, no matchless Air;
 No soft, resistless; love-commanding Mien,
 Nor bade a fading Face engross my Care.

These oft to Pride elate the Female Mind;
 For these we oft neglect th' intrinsic Charms
 Of *Virtue*, which, by *Reason's* Pow'r refin'd,
 Smiles at Old Age, and Death itself disarms.

Enough

Enough for me, that *Health* with *Hebe* joins,
 And from my Mind dispels the chearless Gloom;
 Enough, the Muse her Wreath of Ivy twines,
 Mixt with each smiling Field-flow'r's fragrant Bloom:

Pleas'd, while this artless rural Verse I raise,
 To see superior Merit shine confest;
 Supremely happy when my humble Praise
 Can give one Transport to the gen'rous Breast.

S O N G.

YE verdant Woods, ye Crystal Streams,
 On whose enamell'd Side
 I shar'd the Sun's refreshing Beams,
 When *Damon* was my Guide ;
 No more your Shades, or Murmurs please
 Poor *Sylvia's* love-sick Mind ;
 No Rural Scenes can give me Ease,
 Since *Damon* proves unkind.

Come, gloomy *Eve*, and veil the Sky
 With Clouds of darkeſt Hue ;
 Wither, ye Plants, ye Flow'rets die,
 Unhear'd with balmy Dew :
 Ye wildly-warbling Birds, no more
 Your Songs can ſoothe my Mind ;
 My Hours of Joy, alas ! are o'er,
 Since *Damon* proves unkind.

I'll hie me to some dreary Grove,
 For fighting Sorrow made ;
 Where nought but plaintive Strains of Love
 Resound thro' ev'ry Shade ;
 Where the sad Turtle's melting Grief,
 With *Philomela's* join'd,
 Alone shall yield my Heart Relief,
 Since *Damon* proves unkind.

Be warn'd by *Sylvia's* Fate, ye Maids,
 And shun the soft Deceit ;
 Tho' Love's own Eloquence persuades,
 'Tis all a dang'rous Cheat ;
 Fly, quickly fly, the faithless Swain,
 His baffled Arts despise ;
 So shall you live exempt from Pain,
 While hapless *Sylvia* dies.

To Mr. O——Y,

Upon his asking the Author to paint his Character.

THO' you flatter my Genius, and praise what I write,
 Sure this whimsical Task was impos'd out of Spite,
 Because this poor Head with much scratching and thinking
 Made some idle Reflections on raking and drinking,
 To clip my weak Wings with malicious Intention,
 You present me a Theme that defies all Invention.
 Your Picture! Lord bless us! where can one begin?
 To speak Truth were insipid, to lie were a Sin:
 You might think me in love should I paint your Perfections;
 Shou'd I sketch out your Faults you might make worse
 Objections.

Shou'd I blend in one Piece of superlative Merit,
 Good-nature and Wit, Condescension and Spirit;
 Shou'd with Modesty, Ease and Politeness be join'd;
 Unlimited Freedom, with Manners refin'd;

Courage,

Courage, Tendernefs, Honour enthron'd in one Heart;
 With Franknefs, Referve; and with Honefty, Art:
 Were thefe glaring good Qualities plac'd in full View,
 Do you think any Soul wou'd believe it was *you*?

"Why then, turn t'other Side (fays Illnature) and find him,

"In fome few modifh Faults, leave his Sex all behind him;

"For Levity, Flatt'ry, and fo forth, he's fam'd ;"—

Prithee, Peace Fool, and let not fuch Trifles be nam'd :

If his Failings be fuch, Time will certainly cure 'em ;

And the *Ladies, till then*, will with Pleafure endure 'em.

DELIA, a PASTORAL.

Inscribed to Miss M——.

BENEATH a spreading Osier's friendly Shade,
 Whose bending Branches in the Waters play'd,
 Fair *Delia* sat ; the Winds forgot to blow,
 And Streams to murmur, as she breath'd her Woe.
Monimia, deign to hear these artless Lays,
 For thee I strive the *Doric* Note to raise ;
 With trembling Hand I touch the tuneful Reed,
 And wreath thy Temples with this rural Weed.
 Thy Bosom heaves with sympathetic Sighs,
 And Pity's Drops fall frequent from thy Eyes ;
 To thee well known what fine Sensations move
 The Female Heart to *hope*, *despair*, or *love*.

Thus

Thus griev'd the Nymph, "Ye Winds, my Sighs convey

' To *Cynthia's* Ear, and chide his cruel Stay;

"The Bird of *Venus* parted from her Love,

"With plaintive Murmurs fills the lonely Grove;

"So *Delia* mourns the Absence of her Swain,

"So breathes her Sorrows musically vain.

"Ah! what avails it what the Shepherds sing

"Of *Delia's* Charms by ev'ry Grove and Spring?

"From these wild Mountains tho' my Name rebound,

"Those trembling Forests whisper back the Sound;

"No Pleasure in their tender Strains I find,

"To ev'ry Charm, that gilds the Season, blind.

"Dark, and discordant, ev'ry Scene appears;

"Winds breathe in Sighs, and Dews descend in Tears

"Kind *Ceres* spreads her golden Gifts in vain,

"And bending Trees *Hesperian* Loads sustain.

"No more let glitt'ring Dew refresh the Flow'rs,

"No more let Music chear the Ev'ning Hours;

"Let sudden Winter blast the smiling Plains,

"And drooping *Nature* join my pensive Strains;

E

"Well

“ Well my Complaining will with her’s agree,

“ While she for *Phæbus* mourns, and I for *thee*.

“ Oh ! cou’d my Sighs in such soft Numbers flow,

“ As tell the slighted *Lesbian*’s deathless Woe;

“ Rocks, Groves, and Vales, should echo with thy Name,

“ And lovelier *Cynthia* equal *Phaon*’s Fame.

“ Come, *Cynthia* come, and bless thy *Delia*’s Eyes;

“ For thee the Sun yet gilds the Western Skies;

“ The woodland Choir prolong their Ev’ning Lays

“ For thee, for thee their Matin Song they raise;

“ For thee the Rose and Silver Lily bloom,

“ And clust’ring Woodbines shed their rich Perfume.

“ But see, the Meadows smile, the Groves rejoice;

“ Heav’ns ! do I dream ?—or is it *Cynthia*’s Voice ?

“ He comes, he comes ;—ye Nymphs your Wreaths prepare

“ Ye Swains, with Music rend the vocal Air.

“ Beneath his Eye fresh smiling Verdure springs ;

“ With softer Notes the warbling Forest rings :

“ Fair as *Armida*’s Vale this humble Field,

“ *Rinaldo*’s Charms to brighter *Cynthia*’s yield :

“ Not

" Not young *Adonis* wore so sweet a Grace,
 " When o'er the *Cyprian* Hills he urg'd the Chace;
 " Tho' his resistless Charms had Pow'r to move
 " The brighter *Queen* of Beauty and of Love!"

ODE to SUMMER.

INFANT Spring has now withdrawn
 Her gay Embroidery from the Lawn :
 Cowslips sweet, and Violets Blue,
 Sip no more the pearly Dew :
 Ceas'd is many a vernal Lay,
 That made the vocal Vallies gay.
 See ! from Southern Climes afar,
Summer rolls her rosy Car.

Thee, brown Nymph, *Apollo* bore
 From thirsty *Libya's* desert Shore :
 There the swart-Star's fiery Rage
 Flows no cooling Stream t' assuage.
 Here thou smil'st with Aspect bland,
 Bath'd in Dews, with Breezes fan'd.

When

When *Aurora's* rosy Light
First illumes the Mountain's Height,
The Black-bird blithe, and melting Dove,
Soothe thee here with Strains of Love.

See, the broad Sun gilds the Skies !
See, the chearful Peasants rise,
From the thatch'd-roof Cottage haste,
Meek-ey'd *Morning's* Sweets to taste.
Blithsome to th' appointed Vale,
See, they speed, while many a Tale,
Join'd with many a Rustic Lay,
Soothes the longsome, sultry Day.

See, the lowing Herds retreat,
Panting with the fervent Heat ;
To some dark sequester'd Shade,
To some silent pathless Glade ;
To some Alder-fringed Stream,
There to shun the scorching Beam.
See, the Vales of waving Gold ?
See, the spacious Meads infold

Bleating Flocks; fair *Albion's* Boast,
Whitening o'er her rocky Coast.

But when *Phæbus* quits the Skies,
And in *Thetis'* Bosom lies;
When mild *Eve* ascends her Throne,
And the Cares of Day are done;
Let me, grey-ey'd Goddess, rove,
Musing in thy Twilight Grove:
When thy kindly Dews are seen
Sparkling o'er the grassy Green,
With poetic Eyes I view
Pan, and all his Sylvan Crew.
See! the woodland Nymphs appear;
See! the Sun-burnt *Oreads* near,
Ceres and *Pomona* meet,
Pales kind, and *Flora* sweet!
See the fairy Train advance,
Joining in the mystic Dance;
Naiads leave their lucid Streams,
To sport in *Cynthia's* Silver Beams:

Whilst the soft and fragrant Gales,

Redolent of spicy Vales,

Swell with *Philomela's* Strain ;

Pensive Music ! soothing Pain !

Here, ye Powers, O let me rove,

Free from ev'ry Care but Love :

Here my simple Muse employ

Her vacant Hours in Songs of Joy :

Here in Peace, and sweet Content,

Let my chearful Day be spent !

Far from Envy, far from Noise,

Well exchange'd for rural Joys.

The PLEASURES of CONTEMPLATION.

Queen of the Halcyon Breast, and Heav'n-ward Eye,
 Sweet *Contemplation*, with thy Ray benign
 Light my lone Passage thro' this Vale of Life,
 And raise the Siege of *Care* ! this silent Hour
 To thee is sacred, when the Star of Eve,
 Like *Dian's* Virgins trembling ere they bathe,
 Shoots o'er th' Hesperian Wave its quiv'ring Ray.

All Nature joins to fill my lab'ring Breast
 With high Sensations: awful Silence reigns
 Above, around; the sounding Winds no more
 Wild thro' the fluctuating Forest fly
 With Gust impetuous; Zephyr scarcely breathes
 Upon the trembling Foliage; Flocks, and Herds,
 Retir'd beneath the friendly Shade repose

Fan'd by *Oblivion's* Wing. Ha! is not this,
 This the dread Hour, as ancient Fables tell,
 When flitting Spirits from their Prisons broke
 By Moon-light glide along the dusky Vales,
 The solemn Church-yard, or the dreary Grove;
 Fond to revisit their once lov'd Abodes,
 And view each friendly Scene of past Delight?

Satyrs, and Fawns, that in sequester'd Woods,
 And deep-embow'ring Shades delight to dwell;
 Quitting their Caves, where in the Reign of Day
 They slept in Silence, o'er the daisi'd Green
 Pursue their Gambols, and with printless Feet
 Chase the fleet Shadows o'er the waving Plains.

Dryads, and Naiads, from each Spring and Grove,
 Trip blithsome o'er the Lawns; or, near the Side
 Of mossy Fountains, sport in *Cynthia's* Beams.

The Fairy Elves, attendant on their Queen,
 With light Steps bound along the Velvet Mead,
 And leave the green Impression of their Dance

In

In Rings mysterious to the passing Swain;
 While the pellucid Glow-worm kindly lends
 Her silver lamp to light the festive Scene.

From yon majestic Pile, in Ruin great,
 Whose lofty Tow'rs once on approaching Foes
 Look'd stern Defiance, the sad Bird of Night
 In mournful Accent to the Moon complains:
 Those Tow'rs with venerable Ivy crown'd,
 And mould'ring into Ruin, yield no more
 A safe Retirement to the hostile Bands;
 But there the lonely Bat, that shuns the Day,
 Dwells in dull Solitude; and foreboding thence
 Wheels the Night Raven shrill, with hideous Note
 Portending Death to the dejected Swain.

Each Plant and Flow'ret bath'd in Ev'ning Dews,
 Exhale refreshing Sweets: from the smooth Lake,
 On whose still Bosom sleeps the tall Tree's Shade,
 The Moon's soft Rays reflected mildly shine.

Now tow'ring *Fancy* takes her airy Flight

Without

Without Restraint, and leaves this Earth behind;
 From Pole to Pole, from World to World, she flies;
 Rocks, Seas, nor Skies, can interrupt her Course.

Is this what Men, to Thought estrang'd, miscall
 Despondence? this dull *Melancholy's* Scene?

To trace th' Eternal Cause thro' all his Works,
 Minutely and magnificently wise?

Mark the Gradations which thro' Nature's Plan
 Join each to each, and form the vast Design?

And tho' Day's glorious Guide withdraws his Beams
 Impartial, cheering other Skies and Shores;

Rich Intellect, that scorns corporeal Bands,
 With more than Mid-day Radiance gilds the Scene:

The Mind, now rescu'd from the Cares of Day,
 Roves unrestrain'd thro' the wide Realms of Space;

Where (Thought stupendous!) Systems infinite,
 In regular Confusion taught to move,

Like Gems bespangle yon etherial Plains.

Ye Sons of Pleasure, and ye Foes to Thought,
 Who search for Bliss in the capacious Bowl,

And

And blindly woo *Intemperance* for Joy;
 Durst ye retire, hold *Converse* with yourselves,
 And in the silent Hours of *Darkness* court
 Kind *Contemplation* with her peaceful Train;
 How wou'd the Minutes dance on downy Feet,
 And unperceiv'd the Midnight Taper waste,
 While intellectual Pleasure reign'd supreme!

Ye *Muses*, *Graces*, *Virtues*, Heav'n-born Maids!
 Who love in peaceful Solitude to dwell
 With meek-ey'd *Innocence*, and radiant *Truth*,
 And blushing *Modesty*; that frighted fly
 The dark *Intrigue*, and Midnight *Masquerade*!
 What is this Pleasure which enchants Mankind?
 'Tis Noise, 'tis Toil, 'tis Frenzy, like the Cup
 Of *Circe*, fam'd of old, who tastes it finds
 Th' *etherial Spark* divine to Brute transform'd.

And now, methinks, I hear the *Libertine*
 With supercilious Leer, cry, "Preach no more
 "Your musty *Morals*; hence to *Deserts* fly,
 "And in the Gloom of solitary Caves

"Austerely

"Austerely dwell: what's Life debarr'd from Joy?

"Crown then the Bowl, let *Musick* lend her Aid,

"And *Beauty* her's, to soothe my wayward Cares."

Ah! little does he know the Nymph he styles

A Foe to Pleasure; Pleasure is not more

His aim than her's; with him she joins to blame

The Hermit's Gloom, and savage Penances;

Each social Joy approves. Oh! without thee,

Fair *Friendship*, Life were nothing; without thee,

The Page of Fancy wou'd no longer charm,

And Solitude disgust e'en pensive Minds.

Nought I condemn but that Excess which clouds

The mental Faculties, to soothe the Sense:

Let Reason, Truth, and Virtue, guide thy Steps,

And ev'ry Blessing Heav'n bestows be thine.

ELEGY on the Search of HAPPINESS.

Addressed to Miss LOGGIN.

HENCE, *Melancholy!* hence! with all thy Train
 Of rising *Fears*, and anxious *Doubts*, remove;
 Let not thy pensive Eye deject the Plain,
 Nor spread thy Horrors o'er the silent Grove.

Far may'st thou wander from this blissful Scene,
 Where all that's lovely decks the varied Lawn;
 Where springs the laughing Flow'r, the fragrant Green;
 Where spreads the Lake, and skips the wanton Fawn.

Now smiles the Infant *Morn* serenely gay;
 Glitters the Dew-drop on the bending Blade;
 Now grateful Birds salute the blushing Day,
 And Flocks unfolded seek the verdant Glade.

As from the Sun Night's sable Terrors fly,
 So these fair Scenes of Solitude, and Ease,
 Calm the rack'd Breast, repel the Heart-felt Sigh,
 And Nature's Music tunes the Mind to Peace.

Ye gentle Pow'rs that o'er these Shades preside,
 Whose Fairy Magic rais'd these friendly Bow'rs;
 Whose mazy Steps the limpid Current guide,
 Who green the Vale, and strew the Mead with Flow'rs!

Say, if ye can, where *Happiness* is found?
 Where crown'd with Joy does the gay Goddess rove?
 Say, does she traverse Grandeur's ample Round,
 Or humbly seek the unambitious Grove?

Does the coy Nymph on Fortune's Call attend?
 Or will she yield to Beauty's envy'd Sway?
 Does she on Learning, Wit, or Taste depend?
 Can Pow'r invite, or Fame prolong, her Stay?

To

To none of these is *Happiness* confin'd :
 Ambition, Envy, oft on Grandeur wait :
 Can Gold, or Gems, give sacred Peace of Mind ?
 Or flies pale *Care* the gaily-sculptur'd Gate ?

Can Beauty guard from Pain's afflictive Dart ?
 Can Wit or Learning give the tranquil Hour ?
 Can *Fame's* loud Clarion heal the Grief-rent Heart ?
 Or does *Contentment* fix her Seat with Pow'r ?

Ah ! no ! with *Virtue Happiness* is found,
 In the calm Breast, where Resignation smiles ;
 Where no vain Hopes, or wild Desires abound,
 But sweet Content each anxious Thought beguiles.

Still may the blooming Goddess bless my *Friend*,
 Reign in thy Heart, and round thy Mansion stray ;
 May her kind Beams thy latest Steps attend,
 And safe conduct thee to celestial Day.

H Y M N on CHRISTMAS DAY.

TH O' long I lov'd to sport in trivial Strains
 O'er Fancy's Fairy-land, and painted Plains ;
 With *Corydon* to range thro' vernal Bow'rs,
 And dress *Avona's* Banks with *Laden's* Flow'rs ;
 For once I quit the Muse-inspiring Stream,
 And raise my Numbers to a nobler Theme :
 To that supreme, that boundless Source of Light,
 Whose fair Smile triumph'd o'er primæval Night ;
 Who form'd this beauteous Globe with Pow'r Divine,
 And poiz'd in liquid Air the vast Design ;
 Thro' breathing Dust infus'd a deathless Ray,
 And gave the Promise of eternal Day.

Why, favour'd Being, didst thou leave the Way—
 By Heav'n ordain'd—with flatt'ring *Vice* to stray ?
 Then *Earth*, with all a Parent's Anguish torn,
 Mourn'd o'er the Ruins of her Eldest-born.

Fraternal Blood her flow'ry Face distain'd,
 And *Lust*, and *Rage*, and *Desolation* reign'd.
 By Dæmons urg'd the unrelenting Sire
 Consign'd his Offspring to infernal Fire;
 From growing Crimes each frighted *Virtue* fled,
 And yet unbruised the *Serpent* rear'd his Head.

When lo! the God that dwells in boundless Day,
 Whom all on Earth, and all in Heav'n, obey;
 That *Being* in whose all-involving Rays
 Inferior *Glories* lose their little Blaze,
 Forsook his Heav'n, his sacred Pow'r resign'd,
 And liv'd to teach, and died to save, Mankind.

Then the fair Stream thro' barren Deserts flow'd,
 In cheerless Wastes the Rose of *S Sharon* glow'd.
 Each fragrant Shrub the friendly Gales perfum'd,
 And craggy Rocks with *Carmel's* Beauty bloom'd.
 Accomplish'd then the Bard's prophetic Strains,
 No hostile Bands destroy'd the fertile Plains:
 A purer Law bid Wars and Discord cease,
 And sooth'd the World's long-bleeding Breast to Peace;

Vin-

Vindictive *Rage* to deepest Hell confin'd,
 And drove *Ambition* from th' enlighten'd Mind.
 The threat'ning Faulcion gleam'd aloft no more,
 But till'd the Plains it once defil'd with Gore.
 The Sword reverted prun'd the wanton Vine,
 And peaceful Autumn swell'd with Floods of Wine.
 The stern Oppressor dropt the vengeful Rod;
 And Tyrants trembled at the Voice of God.
 Say, what but Aid Divine could Man inspire,
 To scorn the torturing Rack, the Martyr's Fire?
 With Patience mild to meet th' appointed Doom,
 And triumph o'er the Grave's impervious Gloom?
 O *Thou*! whose Love their pious Breasts o'erflow'd,
 And such amazing Fortitude bestow'd;
 Direct the Heart that thus attempts thy Praise;
 Nor live my Virtue only in my Lays.

ANACREONTIC.

FAIN wou'd I sing of War and Arms,
 Hostile Sounds and dire Alarms ;

Fain in nervous Verse wou'd tell,
 How *Brunswick* fought, and *Frenchmen* fell ;

How *Britannia's* Thunders roar,
 Echoing from each distant Shore ;

I feel my glowing Heart expand,
 And strike the Strings with bolder Hand :

But, ah ! the trembling Wire resounds,
 “ Murd’ring Steel and dreadful Wounds,

“ Heroes bleeding, Heaps of Slain,

“ Strew’d promiscuous o’er the Plain ;

“ Foaming Billows, Seas on fire,

“ Ill become a Virgin’s Lyre.”

Convinc’d, asham’d, I leave the Field,
 Leave it to Bards in Battle skill’d ;

Pleas'd to resume my wonted Themes,
 Painted Meadows, purling Streams,
Cupid's Pow'r, Philander's Eyes,
 Wreaths of Willow, Gales of Sighs :
 While spontaneous I complain,
 Echoing Rocks return the Strain ;
 " *Love* shall rule these happy Fields ;
 " *Mars* himself to *Cupid* yields."

O D E.

NO more will I attempt to sing
 The vivid Charms of green-rob'd *Spring*,
 The roseate Bloom of *May* ;
 No more describe the friendly Bow'rs,
 Where oft I hail'd the Morning Hours,
 Or blest'd the closing Day.

With Music tho' the Groves resound
 Tho' recent Verdure smile around,
 And Flow'rets paint the Vale,
 Where limpid Streams soft-murm'ring glide,
 And the cool Poplar's leafy Pride
 Invites the welcome Gale ;

Tho'

Tho' *Colin* pipe, or *Chloe* sing,
While Hills and Woods with Echoes ring,

I chearless still complain :
While Youths and Maids the Dance pursue,
Abstracted from the jocund Crew

I mourn my absent Swain.

Regardless of my fleecy Care,
To yonder Row of Beeches fair

My wand'ring Course I steer ;
Where I with Pleasure met the Youth,
Where Vows of Constancy and Truth
Affail'd my willing Ear.

Sometimes to an adjacent Grove,
Where first I heard his Tale of Love,

I heedlessly have stray'd :
But no *Philander* now is there,
I turn me homeward with a Tear,
And cry, Ah ! hapless Maid !

In vain, near *Arrow's* glassy Stream
 Reclin'd, I woo the museful Dream,
 That once inspir'd my Breast ;
 In vain I climb the green Hill's Brow,
 And view the varied Vales below,
 With Nature's Bounty blest.

While sighs the soft Gale thro' the Glade,
 And Love-lays wide from ev'ry Shade
 In pleasing Concert flow ;
 Unharmoniz'd I still remain,
 And to the deaf Woods pour my Pain,
 Or tell the Streams my Woe.

'Mid these sweet Scenes no more I find
 That happy Vacancy of Mind,
 Whence ev'ry Pleasure sprung ;
 When gay I rang'd my native Plains,
 And *Love* and *Fancy's* blithest Strains
 Fell artless from my Tongue.

Ah! now no more by *Fancy* fir'd,
No more by *Nature's* Charms inspir'd,

I tune the sprightly Lay :

My Heart, with tender Anguish torn,
Sad sighing wakes each rising Morn,

And weeps the Night away.

Great *Venus* ! kindly deign to hear
Thy suppliant Handmaid's votive Pray'r ;

Be dear *Philander* mine !

I ask nor Wealth, nor Pomp, nor Pow'r,
Those glitt'ring Pageants of an Hour

Unenvious I resign,

Restore, fair *Queen*, restore my *Love* !

So shall thy Name thro' ev'ry Grove

Resound in softest Lays ;

With Myrtles crown'd thy Altars rise,

Arabian Odours mount the Skies,

And Virgins sing thy Praise.

TO THE

Rev. Mr. WELCHMAN at TANWORTH.

WHat Words, what Numbers, can my artless Muse
 Prepare, to pay the grateful Thanks I owe?
 Learn'd *Education* with informing Care
 Ne'er taught my unexperienc'd Youth to trace
 The Paths of *Pindus*; nor from ancient Bards
 To catch the rapturous Flame, which pains the Breast
 With Extasies too strong: a Stranger I
 To classic Eloquence, and Speech refin'd,
 Train'd in the calm sequester'd Vale of Life,
 'Mid Rural Scenes of Innocence and Peace,
 Bless'd in Obscurity with sweet Content.
 What Time pale Care, and melancholy Gloom,
 Depress'd my Mind with Fancy's ghastly Train
 Of imag'd Sorrows, and ideal Fears,

With

With Hand unskilful oft I struck the Lyre,
 And tun'd my Voice to Strains of Joy and Love :
 But, ah ! in vain ! nor cou'd my artless Touch
 Call from the jarring Strings harmonic Sounds.

But, as the languid *Primrose*, Winter's Child,
 Rears its pale Bud beneath inclement Skies,
 Excluded from the Gardener's fost'ring Care ;
 And if, perchance, the Beams of *Phæbus* gild
 The humble Bank which Nature made its Seat,
 In each soft Breeze exhales its faint Perfume,
 And to the chearing Sun expands its Leaves.
 E'en thus my Heart, elate with the kind Beams
 Of Praise your Pen bestow'd, with trembling Awe,
 Conscious of Inability, presents
 The tributary Strain so justly due.
 Your lofty Lays, fraught with sublime Instruction,
 Claim ev'ry humble, ev'ry grateful, Thought.
 My Bosom glows, but my weak Hand declines
 Th' unequal Task : yet well I know the Mind
 Where *Piety*, fair Daughter of the Skies,

With Ray Divine irradiates ev'ry Scene,
 Where ev'ry gen'rous Sentiment abounds,
 Is most delighted when it most bestows.
 To chear the drooping Spirits, and convey
 Important Truths, and Counfels, which direct
 The Steps to Heaven in the enchanting Dress
 Of Numbers sweet, might fire a colder Breast.
 But, oh ! this kind Excess hath render'd Words
 Too poor to speak the Dictates of my Heart.
 Come then, respectful Silence, like a Veil,
 Conceal what Language has not Pow'r to paint.

But let the heav'nly Truths, your Lays impart,
 Fix deep their fair Impression in my Mind :
 If aught harmonious in my Numbers dwell,
 Chief may it modulate the trembling Lyre,
 Which to celestial Strains attunes the Song :
 Then may the *Graces* shed their soft'ning Smiles,
 Then may fair *Fancy*, decently array'd,
 Attend to beautify the moral Thought.
 May filial Gratitude its Warmth impart,

And

And ever teach my dutious Heart to glow
 With Love and Rev'rence for the honour'd *Pair*,
 Whose tender Care sustain'd my Infant Steps,
 And train'd my Youth in Virtue's sacred Paths.

Still let me bless the gracious Providence,
 Which, kindly sparing, gave no transient Charms,
 Nor bid bright *Beauty* gild this fading Form.
 These might have tempted the Seducer's Wiles,
 Who seek to ruin what they most admire :
 These too, might have betray'd my Heart to Pride,
 While Female Toys, and Trifles light as Air,
 Had reign'd unrival'd in my Thoughts, and left
 Th' immortal Mind neglected, and despis'd.
 But may th' Improvement of my Mind employ
 My greatest Care : that when gay *Health* no more
 Shall paint my Cheek, nor round my Temples play ;
 When hoary *Age* shall come with palsied Hand,
 And trembling Step—depress my fainting Powers,
 And with thick Films obscure the visual Ray ;
 The sweet Remembrance of a blameless Youth

May soothe my Sorrows, and allay my Pains.
 Then too the *Bard*, whose Numbers kindly flow'd
 T' inforce the Precepts his Example taught,
 With Rev'rence and Esteem will fill my Breast:
 Then will his Lays recall the pleasing Thought
 Of Joys my Youth has known; assuage my Cares,
 Wake the Remembrance of celestial Love,
 Ineffable! stupendous! this can cheer
 The Hour of Grief, and bid pale *Anguish* smile:
 This can dispel the Horrors of the Grave,
 And conquer *Death*, and *Death's* dire *Parent Sin*.

An ADDRESS to my PEN.

THOU dear Companion of each vacant Hour !

Well pleas'd I view thee, and confess thy Pow'r.

Now *Phæbus* faintly gilds the faded Plains,

Blow the bleak Winds, and beat the wintry Rains :

The yellow Groves their falling Honours mourn,

And cavern'd Rocks and Dells their Sighs return.

The drooping Warblers seek the closest Shade,

Nor with their Wild-notes cheer the lonely Glade ;

A melancholy Gloom involves the Sky ;

And the last Smiles of vernal *Flora* die.

Yet by thy Stroke the vegetative Race

In fair Succession rise with lasting Grace :

And in this dreary Hour thy Aid can form

A flow'ry Landkip, that defies the Storm :

With

With magic pow'r thou bid'st the tender Fawn
 Crop the fresh Buds, and wanton o'er the Lawn;
 And *Philomela* with melodious Airs,
 In dark *December* charm a Lover's Cares :
 The Groves resound ; and on the smiling Plains
 Herds, Flocks, and Shepherds, join their mutual Strains.
 When *Whitehead* guides the Quill, entranc'd we hear
 Extatic Sounds ; *Elysian* Scenes appear :
 Hark ! *Thenot* grieves ; what Nymph but heaves a Sigh ?
 See ! *Leya* smiles ; Love brightens every Eye.

With *thee*, when *Night* extends her awful reign,
 And flitting Shadows haunt the dreary Plain ;
 While Youths, and Virgins, lead the mazy Round,
 And raptur'd melt to Music's soothing Sound,
 Alone I sit ; and tune my *Doric* Lyre
 To Strains that Love and Innocence inspire.
 When Storms descend, and raging Waters roll,
 To intercept the *Friend* that shares my Soul ;
 Then you, my kindest, truest, Thoughts impart,
 Display the inmost Secrets of my Heart ;

To foreign Climes transmit the tender Sigh,
 Or call forth Pity from the distant Eye ;
 Paint the gay Thought, and bid the sprightly Tale
 O'er wintry Skies, and lurid Spleen prevail.
 When anxious Care involves my aching Breast,
 With thee I charm my troubled Mind to rest ;
 In *Fancy's* painted Fields with Pleasure rove,
 Or dream delighted in some *Fairy* Grove :
 Where, spite of Frost, the bubbling Fountains flow,
 New *Zephyrs* soothe me, and new *Roses* blow.

To my GARDEN.

F AIR Abode of Rural Ease,
Scene of Beauty, and of Peace!

When with anxious Care oppress'd,
Charm, O! charm my Soul to rest!

In thy Walks I musing trace

Youthful *Flora's* various Race;

In thy fragrant Shades reclin'd,

Soothe with Song my vacant Mind.

When the God of Verse and Day,

Lends the Western World his Ray;

While the Virgin Queen of Night,

Sheds around her Silver Light;

While *Favonius* breathes a Gale,

Sweet as o'er *Sabea's* Vale;

Here retir'd, in artless Lays,

Nature's Daughter sings her Praise.

While

While the blushing Rose-bud vies
 With the fring'd Carnation's Dyes ;
 While chaste *Daphne's* Branches twine
 With the balmy Eglantine ;
 Beauty's Pow'rs my Mind inspire,
 Bolder now I strike the Lyre.
 But the trembling Strings rebound,
 " Sweet *Philander !*" Darling Sound !
 Not the friendly Western Gales
 Dancing o'er the verdant Vales,
 Nor the Black-bird's Evening Strains,
 Soothe the Breast where *Cupid* reigns,
Flora's Charms no more I view ;
 No more the Heav'n's ethereal Blue ;
 Unheeded *Philomel* complains ;
 In vain fair *Cynthia* gilds the Plains :
Beauty fades, and *Pleasure's* flown—
 My Mind contemplates *him* alone.

ODE to FRIENDSHIP.

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. J. DARWALL.

LONG has gay *Spring* resign'd her Pride,
 Long has the woodland Choir deny'd
 To charm th' attentive Ear :
 The Lawns have lost their various Dyes,
 And now rich *Autumn* frighted flies
 The Frown of *Winter* drear.

No more the balmy Western Breeze
 Sighs softly thro' the trembling Trees,
 Responsive to the Strain
 Of Shepherd's Pipe, or murm'ring Rill;
 No more gay *Plenty* crowns the Hill,
 Or decks the laughing Plain.

In this dark Season what can cheer
The drooping Heart, or banish Fear,

Save *Friendship's* placid Pow'r ?

This, like the golden Orb of Day,

Can dart a vivifying Ray

To gild the gloomiest Hour.

This Heart-felt Bliss, to Heav'n ally'd,

Disclaiming *Folly*, *Noise*, and *Pride*,

With *Virtue* only reigns :

And this, tho' *Envy's* poison'd Dart

With *Falsehood* fraught assails the Heart,

The *direful Blow* disdains.

Hail! *Friendship*, Balm of ev'ry Woe !

From thy pure Source Enjoyments flow,

Which Death alone can end :

Tho' *Fortune's* adverse Gales arise,

Tho' *Youth*, and *Health*, and *Pleasure* flies,

Unmov'd remains the *Friend*.

The VANITY of external Accomplishments.

YE Smarts and Belles, whose Airs and Arts confess
 Th' important Study of your Lives is Dress;
 Who gaily a polite Contempt display
 For all the Learn'd, the Wise, or Good can say;
 Forgive an artless Maid who boldly tries
 To vindicate the Notions you despise.

Who wou'd not sigh for that enchanting Air,
 Which speaks *Belinda* fairest of the Fair;
 Which Men of Sense admire, and Beaus adore,
 Did one Charm last when Beauty blooms no more?
 When those resistless Eyes no longer shine,
 And the fresh Roses in those Cheeks decline;
 When Age contracts those gay enliv'ning Airs,
 And that fair Forehead crowns with hoary Hairs;
 What then must fix the Friend? or what sustain
 The long-collected Load of Years and Pain?

Will the light Air, the practis'd Smile avail,
When Love and Triumph with her Face must fail?
For Peace for Pleasure can she hope, from Skill
In dear Detraction, and ador'd Quadrille?

Why then is *Delia* by the World admir'd?
Her Talk is trifling, and her Tongue untir'd.
For Sense or Nonsense—'tis no Matter which;
Her ruby Lips give Sanction to her Speech:
Yet flutt'ring *Delia* wou'd be counted wise;
But shou'd you ask where *Delia's* Judgment lies?
You'll find her Wisdom center'd in her Eyes.

But gentle *Silvia* loves the languid Air;
Faint Voice and dying Smiles describe the Fair.
The lucid Orb cast upward seems to prove
The Virgin meditates on Things above:
Yet *Silvia's* Life proves this a vain Pretence,
And seeming Thought but hides Defect of Sense:
She seeks with these soft Languors to disarm
The guarded Breast, and reinforce each Charm.

From the same Motive, tho' by different Ways,
 The bold *Camilla* seeks the Palm of Praise.
 With manly Stride *Camilla* spurns the Ground,
 Or on the prancing Steed pursues the Hound:
 Thro' Brakes, down Precipices, lo! she speeds,
 Dares the rough Torrent, bounds along the Meads;
 For what?—the gentle Fair will blush to hear—
With her own Hand to kill the trembling Deer.

Satire on Men superfluous wou'd be,
 What they approve, by our own Sex we see.
 Since Woman's Happiness depends on Man;
 'Tis easy to conclude where first began
 This Group of Follies, that o'erspread the Earth:
 From our wise *Lords* they first receiv'd their Birth;
 These our fond Females, bent to please Mankind,
 Enlarg'd, exalted, soften'd, and refin'd.

But who wou'd waste their Bloom, and not engage
 One Friend, to soothe the wint'ry Storms of Age?
 Let me, ye Pow'rs! inspir'd by Reason's Laws,
 Tho' *Coxcombs* censure, gain my own Applause;

In useful Learning as in Years advance ;
 Improve my Mind and leave my Form to Chance :
 Good Sense and Virtue gild the darkest Scene,
 And bloom as bright at *Sixty* as *Sixteen*.

Tho' *Silvia's* Softness, *Delia's* sprightly Grace,
Belinda's Air, nor *Arabella's* Face
 Conspire to make me lovely ; *Health* supplies
 These Cheeks with Colour, and with Strength these Eyes ;
 These Eyes untaught to languish or to roll,
 Convey Instruction to th' inquiring Soul.

O! *Nature*, never let thy Bounty cease !
 Still grant me *Health*, and *Poetry*, and *Peace*.
 Let me enjoy my visionary Scene,
 Stranger to *Envy*, *Flatt'ry*, *Pride*, or *Spleen* ;
 So my last Breath shall praise thee when I die,
 And my Life vanish in a tuneful Sigh.

AN INVITATION in WINTER.

To Miss SMITH of B——.

NOW hoary *Winter*, with resistless Pow'r,
 Clasps shiv'ring *Nature* in his aged Arms;
 The Meads disrob'd of ev'ry Plant and Flow'r,
 With gloomy Aspect mourn their ravag'd Charms.

The tow'ring Elms, which grace yon Mountain's Brow,
 Bend to the wild Winds o'er the threat'ning Steep;
 White wave the Woods beneath involving Snow,
 And in their Caves the frozen Naiads sleep.

The crystal Brooks, with icy Fetters bound,
 No more soft-murm'ring soothe the Pains of Love,
 Nor mossy Banks, with verdant Poplars crown'd,
 Invite *Menalcas* to the museful Grove.

Yet, *Winter*, thee my tranquil Thoughts approve,
 Tho' void of ev'ry gay alluring Grace;
 O'er thy dread Scenes my Fancy joys to rove,
 And the wild Ruins of thy Reign to trace.

Thus, tho' the Warblers of the Vernal Year
 Droop, and cling lifeless to the naked Spray;
 Yet the sweet *Red-Breast* deems thee not severe,
 But to the lone Woods pours his cheerful Lay.

Unchang'd the Pine, and Laurel, rear their Heads;
 The constant Yew extends its welcome Shade:
 Tho' laughing Flow'rs no more perfume the Meads,
 No more the Sun-beams dance along the Glade.

All hail! ye Pleasures, permanent as great,
 Which in the Wrecks of Time and Nature please!
 The kind Companion, and the still Retreat,
 Where all is Virtue, Harmony, and Ease.

The

The social Converse of a Friend sincere
 Dispels the Terrors of the darkeſt Storm;
 Delights, when Vernal Beauties diſappear,
 And Days ungenial the dull Year deform.

Then, dear *Amanda*, bleſs my humble Dome;
 Sweet Friendſhip's Glow ſhall brighten ev'ry Eye;
 With thee ſhall *Mirth* and gen'rous *Freedom* come,
 And anxious *Care* at thy Appearance fly.

Oh! how ſuperior theſe Domeſtic Joys
 To what the World calls Pleaſure, Pomp, and State!
 Where *Envy* blaſts not, nor *Diſtruſt* annoys,
 Nor falſe Diſſemblers flatter thoſe they hate.

ELEGY on the USES of POETRY.

Inscribed to the Rev. RANDLE DARWALL, M. A.

HAIL! gentle *Evening*, clad in sober grey,
 Mild Mother, Thou, of *Fancy's* airy Train;
 How sweet to fly the vain Pursuits of Day,
 And range with Thee the solitary Plain!
 Far from the Dome, where splendid *Anguish* weeps,
 Where *Guilt*, or *Envy*, blast the Midnight Hour;
 Lead me, where Poppy-crown'd *Contentment* sleeps,
 To the light Breeze, that fans the Dew-bath'd Flow'r.
 Slow-winding near yon Osier-fringed Stream,
 On whose green Marge soft *Silence* loves to stray;
 O modest *Eve*! indulge my Muse-rapt Dream,
 That breathes no light-tun'd Air, or wanton Lay.

At

At this still Hour oft thro' the high-arch'd Grove,
 Where dwells sage *Contemplation*, let me roam;
 Where Heav'n-born *Truth*, and keen-ey'd *Genius* rove,
 Where *Peace* resides in *Freedom's* Moss-roof'd Dome.

These Heaven ordain'd the Guardians of the Muse;
 Beneath their sacred Influence unconfin'd
 She soars, superior to terrestrial Views,
 To harmonize, instruct, and charm Mankind.

Her pleasing Task, thro' Nature's varied Plan,
 To trace the Goodness of Almighty Power;
 To vindicate the Ways of God to Man,
 Soothe *Care's* deep Gloom, and cheer the lonely Hour.

Nor scorn'd she mild, to sing of Swains and Flocks,
 In simple Elegance to haunt the Plains;
 In *Dorian* Mood beneath impending Rocks
 To breathe the rural Reed to softest Strains;

[III]

To paint the Scenes, which sportive *Fancy* drew,
 To *Love* and *Truth* attune the tender Lyre;
 While her chaste Steps fair *Virtue's* Paths pursue,
 Scorning each sordid Wish and low Desire.

Shame to the Hand, that first *Her* Pow'r abus'd,
 And with licentious Freedom stain'd the Page;
 Whose Wit infectious Poison wide diffus'd,
 Or sacrific'd to Gold the noble Rage.

When *Vice* wou'd taint the Morals of Mankind,
 When *Pride* or *Envy* wou'd debase a Name;
 When *Flattery* has her venal Chaplet twin'd,
 Shall these degrade the Muse's sacred Flame?

When *Beauty* from the chaste-rob'd *Graces* flies
 To hold light Converse with the *Cyprian* Queen;
 While blushing *Modesty* with down-cast Eyes,
 Gives place to *Mirth's* loud Laugh, or Jest obscene.

Shall

Shall these a Place in *Fame's* fair Records gain,
 Who strew *Pierian* Flow'rs on *Vice's* Shrine?
 No, let Oblivion shrowd each guilty Strain,
 Tho' *Wit* and *Learning* all their Pow'rs combine.

For me, the meanest of the tuneful Throng,
 If e'er to Themes like these my Voice I raise;
 If venal *Flatt'ry* e'er debase my Song,
 Or aught but Merit gain my honest Praise;

Perish the Blooms, which from the Vernal Field
 This Hand has cull'd fair *Friendship's* Brows to wreath;
 No Pleasure may the humble Off'rings yield,
 No grateful Odours, or sweet Fragrance breathe.

To *Gratitude* and *Friendship* flows this Strain;
 Accept, O *Darwall*! what your Verse inspir'd;
 Else have I wak'd my Rural Reed in vain,
 Else has the Muse in vain my Bosom fir'd.

But shou'd your Eye with wonted Candour view

This well-meant Lay, by *Truth* and *Freedom* plan'd;
 Shou'd these faint Strokes, which simple *Nature* drew,
 Pass unprov'd beneath your judging Hand;

I ask no more; *happy*, with this poor Bough,

This tributary Strain of artless Youth,
 If gracious you shall deign to bind your Brow,
 O! Friend to *Virtue*, *Piety* and *Truth*!

TO

The Rev. Mr. J. LANGHORNE,

On Reading his VISIONS of FANCY, &c.

F Raught with each Wish the friendly Breast can form
 A simple Muse, O! *Langhorne*, wou'd intrude;
 Her Lays are languid, but her Heart is warm,
 Tho' not with *Fancy's* potent Powers endu'd.

Fancy, tho' erst she shed a glimmering Ray,
 And op'd to fairy Scenes my Infant Eye,
 From *Pain*, and *Care*, has wing'd her cheerful Way
 And with *Hygeia* fought a milder Sky.

No more my trembling Hand attempts the Lyre,
 Which *Shenstone* oft (sweet Bard) has deign'd to praise ;
 Even tuneful *Langborne's* Friendship fails t' inspire
 The Glow that warm'd my Breast in happier Days.

Yet not this cold Heart can remain unmov'd,
 When thy sweet Numbers strike my raptur'd Ear ;
 The Silver Sounds, by ev'ry Muse approv'd,
 Suspend awhile the melancholy Tear.

What Time, on *Arrowe's* offer'd Banks reclin'd,
 I to the pale Moon pour'd thy plaintive Lay ;
 Smooth roll'd the Waves, more gently sigh'd the Wind,
 And *Echo* stole the tender Notes away.

Sweet *Elves* and *Fays*, that o'er the shadowy Plains
 Their mystic Rites, and mazy Dance pursue,
 Tun'd their light Minstrelsy to softer Strains,
 And from thy Lays their melting Music drew.

Sweet Son of *Fancy* ! may the white-rob'd *Hours*
 Shed their kind Influence on thy gentle Breast ;
 May *Hebe* strew thy Vernal Path with Flow'rs,
 Blest in thy Love, and in thy Friendship blest.

Smooth as thy Numbers may thy Years advance,
 Pale *Care* and *Pain* their speeding Darts suspend ;
 May *Health*, and *Fancy*, lead the chearful Dance,
 And *Hope* for ever her fair Torch extend.

For thee may *Fame* her fairest Chaplets twine ;
 Each fragrant Bloom, that paints *Aonia's* Brow,
 Each Flow'r, that blows by *Alcidale*, be thine ;
 With the chaste Laurel's never-fading Bough.

On thee may faithful Friendship's cordial Smile
 Attendant wait to soothe each rising Care ;
 The Nymph thou lov'st be thine, devoid of Guile,
 Mild, virtuous, kind, compaffionate, and fair.

May thy sweet Lyre still charm the generous Mind,
 Thy liberal Muse the Patriot Spirit raise ;
 While, in thy Page to latest Time consign'd,
Virtue receives the Meed of polish'd Praise.

F I N I S.

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